

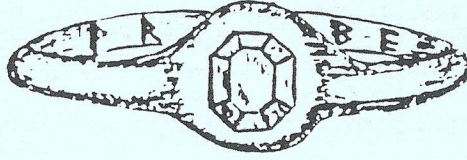
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EDITORIAL

Welcome to Volume 2 Issue 4 of Probe. Sadly, my last issue as editor.

Firstly my apologies for the late distribution this month. A combination of school holidays and decorating my 'office' area of the dining room meant that I couldn't access my computer or photocopier all over Easter. Now I'm rushing like mad to get this issue together so I'll apologise in advance for any typing errors.

The new editor of 'Probe' will be Mandy Rodrigues and she is busy preparing the May issue. Mandy promises no changes to the format of Probe unless you, the readers, ask for any. Please give Mandy the help and support that you've given to me over the last couple of years. As with Soothsayer, I shall be publishing and distributing only, but as time goes on, I hope to be able to contribute a bit more to both magazines.

The main reason for the change of editor is the fact that I am waiting to go into hospital for quite a big operation with a lengthy convalescence to follow, so I've had to sort something out. Pat Winstanley has volunteered to do the photocopying side of things for me when the time comes, so there shouldn't be any problems there.

Many thanks to everyone who has contributed in some form or another over the last 23 issues, your help has truly been appreciated. If you are waiting for a reply to a recent letter then my apologies once more, I shall do my best to catch up with all outstanding correspondence over the next month or two. Please be patient, I have a lot of organising to do before I hand everything over to Mandy.

I hope you enjoy reading this issue of Probe even though some sections have had to be shelved due to the re-organisation.

My sincere best wishes to everyone and please keep in touch!

Sandra

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THE STORY OF THE LOST PHIRIOUS (PT.4)

By Neil Scrimgeour

For those of you who do not know The Lost Phirious story here is a short synopsis:

The Phirious was a space cargo hauler that went missing some time ago with a load that was said to be mysterious and possibly very valuable. Space piracy was suspected for the loss of the Phirious but nothing could be proved. While on your home planet of Erks-Aka you heard fresh rumours that the Phirious was indeed intact and it's cargo just waiting to be picked up.

Being short of cash you decided to hunt the Phirious down and the best place to start from was the ship's home port, Earth. On the way you came across a stranded ship called the Casiopea. Being a space scrap dealer you decided to investigate but once aboard, your own space ship exploded which left you with no transport and no money. Finding the Phirious was now vital. Eventually you made it to Earth (via a moon mining complex), managed to purloin a spacecraft and got some rough co-ordinates to point you in the right direction for the Phirious. So off you went.

You were just about to pass the planet Flakrhanon when you were jumped by space pirates (maybe the ones who attacked the Phirious). After some frantic manoeuvres you evaded your attackers but decided to land on Falkrhanon to stock up on supplies and get further information regarding the exact position of the lost Phirious. After you had landed, your robot companion Jethro, decided to go sight seeing via the ejector seat and the escape hatch of your Griffin space cruiser. As if you didn't have enough problems!

Eventually you managed to repair the Griffin and get all the stuff you needed. With your apologetic, but lovable android companion you set off towards the Phirious. This is where part 4 of The Lost Phirious begins.

.....

Jethro remained extremely quiet throughout the journey to the Phirious, not surprising really as he'd caused you so much trouble. All was forgiven though, you needed him as co-pilot, he was worth quite a few Drogna (Erks-Aka currency) and damn it all, you'd become quite attached to him. A blip had been showing on your scanner for some 2 hours now and due to its location it had to be the Phirious. At least it was in one piece so it had been worth your while tracing the ship.

After another hour you finally got close enough to see the Phirious. It certainly had been attacked, laser scorch marks were all over the hull, especially the engines and radar dish. Damage to the latter was a trademark of the Chotz, a kind of latter day Millwall football supporters' club but equipped with space fighters. The Chotz were well known for laying booby traps in stranded space vessels and your sensors had picked up traces of explosives from within the Phirious. Caution was the watch word here.

Pulling up beside the air lock, which still seemed intact, you decided to look over the radar dish and engines from the outside. Having donned your space suit you instructed Jethro to stay put and look after the Griffin. The airlock door closed behind you and soon you heard the hiss of escaping air as the airlock was de-pressurised. Suddenly the outer hatch opened and you were confronted by the hull of the Phirious.

Making your way along the fuselage you came to a small port hole and a look through it showed the inside to be good shape. Eventually you found the radar dish. Damaged it certainly was but definitely repairable, as were the engines further back. They would have to be repaired from the inside but the radar dish could be dealt with now. It would also be an advantage just in case the Chotz returned, given enough time you could escape before they arrived.

After a trip back to the Griffin to pick up some tools and about 45 minutes work, the radar dish started to function properly, spinning round looking for targets to track. Now that was working all that was left was to enter the Phirious. It would be prudent to take Jethro with you so after clambering back on board Jethro manoeuvred the Griffin to dock with the Phirious' air lock. A deep clunk and a green light on the control panel signified a good connection.

"Now listen Jethro. I'm going to need you to come with me. Pick up all the junk I got from Earth and wait for me by the airlock." With a jaunty, happy step Jethro shot off towards the storage bins at the back. After completing the captains log up to date you walked back to the airlock where Jethro stood with an impatient smile across his face.

"OK Jeth, press the button and lets get going." Suddenly the airlock opened and a surge of stale air coming from the Phirious hit your face.

"Pooh, what a bloody stink. Got any idea what it is?"

"From initial examination it appears to be rotting curry powder, sire.", Jethro replied.

"You've got to be joking! What's curry powder doing in here?"

"Don't know, but that's what my sensors tell me it is."

"Ah well, we'd better get moving Jeth, there's a bomb in here somewhere and we've got to find it quick. Got the bomb disposal folder?"

"Yep", replied Jethro. The inside of the Phirious was cold, dank and had an extremely foul odour. A number of cable ducts and various other fittings had been damaged but luckily a few Fluoro tubes were still working, so seeing through the dust and cobwebs wasn't too much of a problem. After about 15 minutes Jethro discovered what seemed to be the location of the bomb, the signal was emanating from behind a red door.

"Well, we've come this far, you may as well open the door Jeth, I can't see any booby traps anywhere."

With a press of the wall button the door opened to reveal the armoury. A vast selection of weapons confronted you and sitting right in the middle was a silver box with an LCD counter on the outside.

"I hate to worry you sire but do you realise that the counter is counting DOWN?"

"Obviously as soon as we entered the ship it was triggered off. Quick, give me the folder."

Ignoring the words 'Don't Panic' on the front you opened it to the chapter entitled 'Chotz armoury'. It said:

'Chotz weaponry is extremely unusual in that it's completely home made so no-one can decipher how the stuff works. The recommended action is to keep well clear of the weaponry, especially little silver boxes with counters on the outside. If said counter is counting DOWN then the best thing to do is pray. No-one to date has ever been able to disarm a Chotz bomb. If you succeed then a) become a born again christian, b) award yourself a Pan Galactic Google Bluster and c) count yourself very lucky.'

With this very helpful information you began to panic. The silver box was totally smooth with no hinges, switches or anything that could open or stop the counter. In desperation you turned to Jethro.

"Drop everything you're carrying and pick up the silver box. Take it to the Griffin cruiser, close the airlock then get back inside the Phirious. I'll be along in a minute."

As Jethro scuttled down the corridor with the box you frantically began to search for some explosive material. A partially opened box revealed 5 sticks of dynamite and you grabbed that along with a timer clock.

By the time you get back to the airlock of the Phirious Jethro is closing the hatch. Quickly you set the sticks of dynamite around the edge of the Griffin's airlock then wire each stick to the timer. Finally you set the timer to 20 seconds and close the Phirious airlock, with you and Jethro inside the Phirious.

After 20 seconds an explosion shot the Griffin away from the hatch of the Phirious, the hatch itself getting distorted and buckled. Looking through an observation dome the Griffin could be seen tumbling away from the Phirious and after what must have been 45 seconds an enormous explosion emanated from where the Griffin used to be.

"Ah well, we've got no choice now Jeth, we've got to get this hulk working if we're to get back."

The next hour was spent looking round the Phirious. It was a bit like the Marie Celeste as there were no bodies to be seen. Where was the crew?

All was revealed when Jethro discovered that an escape pod was missing. The planet Urguso wasn't too far away so it looked like the crew had escaped to there. If only you could get to the bridge you may be able to confirm it, but the access lift wouldn't work, it was the same story for the cargo hold hoists. At least hold no.1 was on the same level as you so that could be explored. You needed Jethro.

Jethro was found in the engine compartment. A mass of twisted metal covered most of the area but the power unit itself seemed not too bad. The Chotz must have had a bad day when they attacked, they didn't do as bad a job as normal.

"Brain the size of a planet and I end up repairing a Nucleonic Ferkinator", Jethro was heard to mumble to himself.

"Come on Jeth, I want to explore hold no.1."

A rejuvenated android sprang to his metal feet with the kind of expression that said "Oh boy, oh boy, oh boy! That's got to be more interesting than this Ferkinator!"

After walking down the main corridor you were at the 'No.1 Hatch' as it was labelled. Pressing an adjacent button made the door slide to the right and with a sense of deja-vue the smell of rotting curry powder hit your nostrils.

"Oh bogging heck! Not again! The curry powder's got to be in here!"

There was also another smell, something you couldn't identify. Nor could Jethro, the only advice he could give was, "Be careful, it smells vaguely vegetarian."

The hold was definitely spooky, dark, cavernous and with that obnoxious smell. Walking down the gang plank the cargo pods were stacked right up to the ceiling. Surely this couldn't be the treasured cargo of the Phirious? Down the other end you could see some of the pods had been broken open and seeping out of them was a brown powder. 'Aha, it must be the curry powder.' you thought. On closer inspection the pods seemed to have been torn open. That was really worrying because these things were made out of Tetrahite, man nor Chotz could do that to Tetrahite. Your fear was heightened by a faint scurrying sound coming from the east. It was time to get out but as you turned to leave the hold you spotted a maintenance room. Your mind was distracted to the thought of spare parts for the engine compartment and you, and Jethro, walked into the room.

The inside of the workshop was a revelation, all sorts of machinery and spare parts were here, if you couldn't fix the engines with this lot you never would. Grabbing a Nucleonic Accelerator and sundry other parts you decided to make your way back to the engines.

As you opened the door you were struck by that weird vegetarian smell, stronger than before. Suddenly, what could only be described as an enormous Daffodil, towered above you, blocking your way out. With it's voice shrieking and it's long tongue like arm spitting out acid, you quickly closed the door.

"Jethro, there's the most enormous Triffid outside! What are we going to do?"

Something had to be done quickly as the acid was eating away at the metal door between you and it.

"Quick, get hold of that Hydrogen bottle and put it in front of the door", Jethro replied.

You plonked the bottle down just in time to see the door melt to reveal the Triffid standing there waiting to consume you. Jethro rushed up beside the bottle turned the valve open, then struck a match in front of the escaping gas. A sheet of flame suddenly spurted out from the bottle and hit the Triffid dead centre. The ignition of the flame caused you to fall back to the other side of the room and there you sat and watched the Triffid burn. Within 10 seconds it was all over, Jethro turned the valve off and the monster was dead.

(to be continued.....)

KINGS & QUEENS OF THE CASTLE

If you would like to offer help in this section then send in your name and address and full list of completed adventures. Don't forget to send in updates of completed adventures.

If you write for help to one of our Kings/Queens then please don't forget to enclose an I.R.C. or S.A.E.

SHARON LOWNDES, Windermere, 54 Blackberry Lane, Four Marks, Alton, Hants. GU34 5DF
Adventureland, Colossal Cave, Dungeon Adventure, Enchanter, Heroes of Karn, Hollywood Hi-Jinx, Inca Curse, Kentilla, Mordon's Quest, Moonmist, Pirate Adventure, The Pawn, Robin of Sherwood, Return to Eden, Seabase Delta, Secret of St. Brides, Se Kaa of Assiah, Sherlock, Ten Little Indians, Winter Wonderland, Zork 1.

BARBARA GIBB, 52 Burford Road, Liverpool. L16 6AQ
Adventure Quest, Castle Blackstar, Dracula Island, Hex, Nine Dancers, Wizard's Challenge, Wychwood.

ALLAN L. PHILLIPS, 55 Torbay Court, Clarence Way, Camden Town, London. NW1 8RL
Adventure Quest, Aftershock, Big Sleaze, Boggit, Bored of the Rings, Circus, Colour of Magic, Colossal Adventure, Custerd's Quest, Dracula, Dungeon Adventure, Eddie Smith, Excalibur, Football Frenzy, Fourth Protocol, Gnome Ranger (pt.1), Hampstead, Heroes of Karn, Helm, Hobbit, Ice Station Zero, Imagination, Invincible Island, Kayleth, Kobayashi Naru, Knight Orc (pt.1), L.O.R., Lifetern, Message from Andromeda, Matt Lucas, Mafia Contract 1 & 2, Marie Celeste, Mordon's Quest, Planet of Death, Robin of Sherwood, Return to Eden, Rigel's Revenge, Seabase Delta, Shrewsbury Key, Seas of Blood, Sphinx Adventure, Philosopher's Quest, Sherlock, Spytrek, Subsunk, Satcom, Starwreck, Snowball, Spiderman, Twice Shy, Urban Upstart, Valkyrie 17, Vera Cruz, Worm in Paradise, Wizbiz, Warlord, Zacaron Mystery, Mindbender, Extric-ator, Perseus and Andromeda, Seeker of Gold, Fuddo and Slam, Secret of Little Hodcombe, S.T.I.

SOFTWARE REVIEWS

STATIONFALL - Infocom - RRP From £24.99 for CBM, Atari, Amstrad

Stationfall is the long awaited sequel to Planetfall. This time, however, you begin the adventure with the rank of Lieutenant but sadly your work is in the paperwork division. Initially you are informed that your task is to visit a space station (Stationfall) and pick up a load of forms which are urgently required. However, once you arrive on Stationfall you find that a far more dangerous and vital task awaits you. An alien force has invaded Stationfall, the crew have all vanished and the alien force is all set to invade the whole galaxy. You alone can prevent this from happening.

So much for the main plot which in itself is exciting enough for anyone. Infocom with their usual flair and style have enriched the plot with devious problems, obstacles, puzzles and great atmosphere and, for good measure, the whole adventure is filled with the humour which has now become the hallmark of most Infocom adventures.

Right at the start of Stationfall you have a decision to make. You are equipped with a Robot Authorisation Form, and upon entering the Robot Pool you find three Robots from which you must choose one. Actually, as anyone who has played Planetfall will understand, there is no contest really, for sitting in a large bin is a little robot busily engaged in playing a game of marbles. You cannot see the little chap very well but as soon as you insert your form in the slot he jumps up and shouts excitedly, "Pick Floyd, pick Floyd, Oh boy! Oh boy! Pick Floyd!" Well you would have to be an extremely hard hearted person to pick any other robot now, wouldn't you?

I was soon happy in the company of my little friend once more as we set off together on our adventure to Stationfall. I especially enjoyed turning Floyd off and searching him, despite the hurt and wounded expression on his little face when I did this. In one of his compartments I found a photograph of myself and written on the back of it in crayon in a childish scrawl was "Floyd's best friend!" So you see, I must have made the right choice after all.

Once you arrive on Stationfall you are puzzled to find the whole station deserted apart from a variety of Robots. Floyd soon makes friends but be cautious because although some of the robots seem friendly they won't stay that way for long. You will also have to watch out for the Hull Welders who seem to mistake you for some kind of leak that must be welded but just move one location away and they won't bother you too much.

But what has happened to the crew? Slowly, as you explore and discover the Commander's Log and various notes and diaries the last moments of the ill fated crew unfold. It's not a pretty story either! Much information can be gathered by paying attention to these items so I found it very useful to jot down a few notes as I went along for later use.

But despite the disappearance of the crew, the station is by no means deserted of life. Very soon in the adventure I came across an Ostrich

(yes, I know, I wondered why it was in outer space too!) who gave me some chuckles each time it passed from an anti-gravity location to a normal gravitational location. He proved very useful in the long run. It was amusing how poor Floyd kept insisting that it was an elephant.

I am sure that every player will be amused by the antics of the Arturian Balloon Creature. This peculiar pet has an hilarious, and disgusting, method of propulsion which you immediately discover. It uses gastric gases to blow itself through the air and consequently it is known as the most smelly creature in the galaxy. Sorry to sensitive readers but I really must tell you in the words of Infocom themselves - it literally farts its way about - usually in your face if you don't watch out!

The use for this creature had both myself and a certain other lady (who shall remain nameless!) stumped for quite some time and we were very grateful for the help of fellow adventurers for the solution to that particular problem. Thanks Jim! and on behalf of the other lady, thanks John!

Some of the solutions to the problems are very frustrating in that at first they seemed so obvious. But, as I should have realised because this is an Infocom, matters are not quite as simple as they would like the player to think!

Besides the usual problems and puzzles this adventure has its fair share of surprises also.

The atmosphere generated in the text descriptions and messages is very good. With all the surprises you are left with the feeling that you dare not rest from your quest for a moment and that anything could happen (and usually does) at any time. I was puzzled by various bits and pieces of machinery going missing throughout the adventure but towards the end they certainly turn up again in a most surprising way!

I enjoyed playing Stationfall very much indeed and have no hesitation in recommending it to anyone. The pace is fast, the suspense is high, the plot is full of unexpected twists and surprises and the problems at times are devious.

I enjoyed Planetfall but I have to say that Stationfall has a better atmosphere and is much more enjoyable altogether.

Be prepared for a lot of complicated mapping, (although Infocom have provided detailed plans within the packaging, I prefer to make my own maps), a great deal of humour and, dare I say it, a few moments of pathos! As with Planetfall I found that I was grateful that I had a box of tissues handy towards the climax of the game. But despite shedding a tear or two, I wouldn't have missed playing Stationfall for the world.

(My sentiments exactly ... Anon!)

Reviewer - Mandy Rodrigues - Commodore

CLOUD 99 - Marlin Games - Spectrum only £2.95

Once again I have been presented with an adventure with a difference! This is a lighthearted adventure in which you wake from a strange dream, in which Jack Frost was messing about with the weather, and find your bedroom is bathed in an eerie weird light. You get up to investigate and a shiver runs down your spine when you hear a strange voice urgently calling your name.

When you emerge from your house, and you have to discover quite a few objects before you can do that, you find a silvery ladder leading upwards. Full of curiosity you climb up the ladder to find yourself on Cloud 99! The Weather Man is waiting impatiently for you and tells you that, indeed, Jack Frost has been messing around with the weather and if matters are not put right before morning it will be a disaster! There is only one person who can undo the damage you!

The plot of this adventure is different indeed. So are the puzzles. And the solutions to the puzzles really had me laughing. Well, what would you do if you found a cockerel that had lost his doodle and could only croak "Cock - a - doo!"

There are plenty of locations to explore and loads of different things for you to do - that is, if that pesky Jack Frost will let you! Just when you least expect it the little horror bounds in and races off with various useful objects and it soon became obvious to me that I would have to find some way of dealing with the pest or I would never finish my task before morning. Jack Frost isn't the only character you will meet, the adventure is full of them and herein lies yet another problem. Some of the characters keep wandering about and you will have to find them before you can come up with a solution to many of the problems.

The adventure has been carefully written and is very 'friendly'. You can examine almost everything and if you are examining a useless object or article then you will be told so. This eliminates the frustration one feels when faced with the awful "You can't" message of so many adventures. The location descriptions are atmospheric and very well written and there is a nice attention to detail throughout.

There are two versions on the cassette. One for the Spectrum 48K and the other for the 128K. The 48K version is text only and the 128K version has graphics, rather more detailed location descriptions and a few extra commands including Help, Pause, Time etc. I played on the 48K version and cannot say that I felt I had missed out on anything. The useful Ramsave and Ramload facility was a boon, especially with that pesky Jack Frost on the loose!

There is a very nice character set which was beautifully readable. Such a nice change from having to squint at the screen to try and decipher the text.

This is the first adventure by Linda Wright that I have played and I will certainly be sending off for more! I thoroughly enjoyed it. If you are looking for something different then this is one for you. Lots to see, lots to do and lots of fun to be had in the process. It

is not the most difficult of adventures to play but I personally think that enjoyment of an adventure is far more important. That's not to say that you will find it too easy - far from it. If I hadn't been kindly supplied with a hint sheet I would still be stuck in the well, perhaps I had better not tell you where - after all, I don't want to give away any hints.

The only hint I will give you is NOT to rush up the ladder to Cloud 99 too quickly to try and plunge into the weather problem. There is a great deal to do and many objects to be found in and around your home before you move on to higher things ('scuse the pun!). And taking of objects, there are loads of them and only a couple of them are red herrings. The difficulty is in finding out which object is to be used for the different problems. I enjoyed finding out the way in which ordinary everyday objects could be logically manipulated for such a wide variety of uses. But not all the objects act in this way, some of them are used in a very amusing way and the writer's obvious sense of humour shows through in those situations.

Although the time keeps ticking away when you are playing this adventure, it isn't a dangerous adventure which kills you off when you least expect it. In fact, I didn't get killed off once! I found that it was helpful to press a key while I studied the location descriptions and pondered what to do next because time was suspended when I did so. I expected Old Father Time to suspend time for me or something similar when I helped him out but instead he provided me with a most unusual reward - but most useful as it turned out. But then I don't think anything would be quite as you expected up on Cloud 99!

Reviewer - Mandy Rodrigues - Spectrum

MARLIN GAMES, 19 BRIAR CLOSE, NAILSEA, BRISTOL. BS19 1QG

::

BUGS AND AMUSING RESPONSES

ACHETON - Lorna Paterson - Amstrad

There are five snakes in this game COBRA, VIPER, KRAIT, PYTHON and BOA. 'KILL name of snake' will crash the game.

When asked which weapon you want to use to fight in the arena, if you type in the correct name of the weapon for that particular opponent and you're not carrying it, then type in 'none', you will successfully fight your opponent.

::

ONE DARK NIGHT - Spectrum only - Price £3.00

Together with your companion you are travelling through unfamiliar moorland, in the hope of finding some shelter for the evening. You left your home some time earlier to find an old cottage left to you in a relative's will. At the time, the solicitor's directions seemed clear enough, but now

A momentary burst of lightning dissolves your thoughts and illuminates the sodden undergrowth as you hurtle from one lane to the next. A dull blur of light and a sharp crack focus your attention on a huge tree suddenly torn asunder by lightning a short distance in front of you. The tree shudders, and starts to topple over as if in slow motion.

There is no time to stop. You push hard on the accelerator pedal and miss the tree by a fraction. It crashes to the ground behind you. You slam the brake pedal down as hard as you can, but the car is now out of control. You slide into a bend and strike a high verge a glancing blow before a jarring impact with a series of pot holes see the car roll to a halt at the start of a gravel drive.

You try turning the ignition keys again and again, but the car refuses to start. Resigning yourself to this, you peer outside the car and see only the gravelled drive to one side and dense foliage elsewhere. Feeling rather cold and miserable, you discuss with your companion the possibilities of finding help at the end of the drive, wherever it may lead

So begins this text adventure, but what lies at the end of the drive? It is the eerie home of Baron McGothic IV, a devilishly handsome chap who, together with his butler seem welcoming enough, but all is not as it seems. The Baron's teeth look just a mite too sharp for my liking.....

The aim of this adventure seems simple enough - find a telephone and call for help. But this isn't quite the easy task one would think. When you set out to explore the mansion you find the telephone easily enough but it has no cable or plug to put in the socket. The butler seems to have retired to bed so there is no help there. The mansion is not a very nice place to be in on a dark, stormy night. The place seems to be full of bats and strange things are happening.

Going upstairs can be difficult with suits of armour coming to life to prevent you and if you venture into the cellar further progress is prevented by unseen hands hurling wine bottles at your head. The state of your nerves isn't improved as you come across the odd coffin or two on your travels either.

This adventure is written totally in assembly language by a very clever programmer. The screen is divided into two windows, the larger upper window showing the locations and the action which takes place and the smaller lower window is for your inputs with a clever word wraparound to take neat care of long inputs.

The player has the choice of playing the adventure as a female or male at the start of the adventure and the solution to some of the problems changes depending on which of the characters you are playing.

There is, thankfully, a Ramsave and Ramload facility which is very useful because, if you make a wrong move, you do tend to get killed off quite unexpectedly. Great care must be taken to enter the correct inputs, some of which are a mite difficult to figure out. I wish the adventure was just a little more player friendly in this respect. The ramsave will come in very useful if you move into certain locations without the necessary items because at times you cannot return to find the missing object. I wandered down a path from a high plateau and tried to enter a forest to be told that I would need a coat to go there, so I retraced my steps to find the coat, but found that I couldn't go back up the path to the plateau again so I was stuck with no way out. Unfortunately, I hadn't used the ramsave at that point and so I was forced to quit and start over again.

The location descriptions are well written and are quite long enough to give you the eerie atmosphere of the adventure. There are plenty of locations to explore, plenty of objects to find and lots of things to do. But do make sure that you save regularly because you do end to get killed off with an abruptness that will make your head swim! There are a couple of devious mazes to tackle and a number of nasty characters to deal with. There is plenty to keep you busy but I must admit that finding the right inputs for the right locations was a bit frustrating.

Reviewer - Mandy Rodrigues - Spectrum

PAUL BRUNYEE, 38 GYNSILL LANE, ANSTEY, LEICESTER. LE7 7AG

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Crossed cheques/PO's should be made payable to M. Rodrigues and sent to: 24 Maes y Cwm, Llandudno, Gwynedd. LL30 1JE

BALLYHOO - Infocom - Price from £24.99 to £29.99
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The adventure begins as the circus show ends and you follow the outgoing crowd from the big top. You are feeling distinctly unsatisfied. All the promise of ballyhoo and wonderment, fell far short of your expectations. But perhaps it is because, deep down, you are a frustrated circus performer yourself and that you long to bask in the thunder of applause.

You exit the big top and decide to take one last look around before you leave. There is a drinking fountain in the connection to the big top and you spot Colonel Thumb, one of the midgets, trying vainly to reach the fountain. What could be more natural than to pick him up so that he can take a drink. Good thing I did, as it turned out, because he came in very useful later on in the adventure when I became embroiled in a game of Blackjack ...

However, back to the plot.

Whilst exploring around I entered a prop tent and was just about to start poking around a bit when I heard voices. Quickly I hid myself behind a cardboard cutout of Taft and waited hoping that, whoever it was, would go away. But they didn't, in fact they came right into the prop tent and started talking - and of course I overheard everything that was said.

As the two men started talking I realised that one of them was a detective and the other was Mr. Munrab the owner of the circus. Chelsea, Mr. Munrab's daughter had been kidnapped. Listening to the way the detective told Mr. Munrab that he was quite prepared to suspect anyone that Munrab suspected almost made my blood boil with anger. Call himself a detective?! Pooh! I could do a much better job than that!

I think it was that last thought that spurred me into action. As soon as the men had left the tent I came out of my hiding place and began to think. Yes, perhaps if I was the one to find and rescue Chelsea then perhaps Mr. Munrab would be so grateful that he would give me a job with the circus!

This is the setting for Ballyhoo, Infocom's venture into the world of the circus. As usual, there are screens of long location descriptions, messages and information to set the scene very nicely and to create the atmosphere required to thoroughly enjoy an Infocom adventure. I must admit, however, that the atmosphere generated was not quite as good as some of the other Infocom offerings.

One of the first things you have to do is to walk the tightrope! At first you keep falling off into the safety net far below so you set out to find something to assist you in your dangerous attempt. Unfortunately, when you return with the required object you find that someone has just removed the safety net! Typical Infocom trick that! But to be fair, to them, this isn't a dangerous adventure - after all, they do allow you to enter a cage of lions and the cage of a gorilla without being harmed in the least.

The adventure is peopled with a wide variety of characters, all reacting differently depending on the current situation. To make progress with quite a few of the characters means that you have to disguise yourself suitably, but with others it is a different matter. Why is the hypnotist acting rather strangely? Why is the tape of Jimmy Hendrix' music, found in the headphones, overlaid with that hypnotic voice intoning "At the clap of my hands you will do exactly as I command..."? How on earth can you get the enormous fat lady to listen to you when you cannot get that radio out of her ear? What is going on that the clowns are so anxious to keep secret?

These are just a few of the problems that you will have to solve as you struggle to find out just what on earth is happening in this strange circus and, more important, what has become of poor Chelsea?

This is one of those adventures in which you have to keep your eyes and ears open for clues as you go along. Many of the solutions to the problems will become clearer if you take note of what the other characters are up to. Being in the right place at the right time will provide some clue as to how to get past Blind Harry the gatekeeper, and you have to try your hand at various circus tricks here and there along the way to solve many of the problems.

This is classed as an adventure suitable for beginners but I have to confess that I became well and truly stuck quite a number of times along the way which shows that I still have a great deal to learn about adventuring before I can class myself higher than a novice as far as Infocom are concerned!

I did feel that something, somewhere was lacking in the adventure. You know what I mean - that vital ingredient that holds you riveted to the screen. Perhaps I have been spoiled with some of the recent Infocom offerings and am expecting to get the same effect from all of them. Whatever the reason, I still feel that it is not quite in the class of the Sorcerer series or some of the latest releases. But all in all, I found it quite a satisfying adventure and one that is sure to keep you busy for quite some time.

Reviewer - Mandy Rodrigues - Commodore

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"HEX" (The Legend of Vianna) - Larsoft - BBC/Electron- £3.95 on tape

It is May 1902. Whilst on a hiking holiday in Cornwall you talk to some locals about legends and folklore. They mention a woman called Vianna (Vi for short) who lived by the coast between Padstow and Bude. The legend tells of her being put to death, accused of being a witch, and that at certain times she returns to stalk the night. The next day you visit the village where Vianna used to live. Your adventure starts here.

At first you can wander, unheeded, around the village, talking to the local people and visiting those tourist attractions as the local inn, trinket and craft shops, boatyard, village church and castle ruins, maybe even venture as far as the off-shore island. All very pretty, but does anything change when it gets dark?

This is a text only adventure. Graphics could never enhance the eerie atmosphere that Geoff Larsen manages to create from a few carefully chosen words of description for each location, reinforced by extra details if you're a clever adventurer. Being in the right place at the right time, also saying and doing the correct action will all be rewarded. That's how you know you're on the right track. Beware, not all items found are useful, some are difficult to find, but every one adds to the authenticity of the adventure.

It is no simple game to run through in a night! As current adventures go, this is a short one, but it is definitely not short on background research, eerie atmosphere, some rather tricky puzzles, and a beautiful and worthy ending. "Hex" means six. This is the sixth adventure by Larsoft. See how many references to 'six' you can find in the game. No prizes, but I bet you enjoy discovering the answer!

Reviewer - BARBARA GIBB - BBC

.....

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Having seen advertisements for these two adventures in recent copies of PROBE, you might be forgiven for thinking, as I did, that these are new games. In fact, they were written in 1985 by Bryan Kitts, using the Quill!

The first thing that is likely to strike you about both of these text-only games is the on-screen presentation ... or, rather, the lack of it! In these days of redesigned character sets and use of multiple colours for messages and responses, the format used in these games can only be considered to be "absolutely rock-bottom Quill". The text is white ink ... on a blue background ... with the normal Spectrum character set ... in fact, straightforward Quill default options! My heart sank when I saw it! I feared that if the writer could not be bothered to put a little bit of outside gloss on his games, perhaps he couldn't be bothered to write decent games in the first place! However, "outside gloss" is just that ... "gloss", and no amount of it will turn a bad game into a good one ... but, a good game could, quite possibly, raise itself above the need for such fripperies! I reminded myself of the old adage about never judging a book by its cover ... and then plunged right in!!

Firelance

Ten years ago, a man called Dalder, a virtually unknown statistical analyst, suddenly disappeared without trace, taking with him the small fortune he had amassed through the shrewd buying and selling of stocks and shares. The disappearance was not considered remarkable. Dalder was not a significant personage. The few people who did notice his absence soon forgot it, and him, as more important matters vied for their attention. That is, until a couple of days back, when someone claiming to be Dalder sent an ultimatum to the Galactic Federation Of Planets, threatening to destroy them entirely, using a new super-weapon, unless his terms are met. Publically, Federation leaders have refused to take the ultimatum seriously, laughing it off as the raving of a nutcase! Privately, however, there is disquiet. What if Dalder is capable of bringing down the destruction he threatens? Can they take the risk? The decision is taken to send you, an agent of the Federation Security Service, to track Dalder down. Equipped with a planethopper spacecraft, you begin your search at the planet from which Dalder vanished all those years ago ... but where do you go from there?

So, there you are ... sitting on your ship, with no idea of what to do or where to go! Preliminary exploration of the ship itself will yield a number of useful objects (if you're thorough), a database computer which will provide you with a number of interesting answers (once you discover what questions to ask it), an auto-pilot which stubbornly refuses to move the ship until you tell it where you want to go (only to be expected I suppose), and a couple of ways of getting yourself killed (unless you've mastered the tricky art of breathing in a vacuum)! But, it's only when you start listening to your radio that you receive the message about a certain planet which may be worth closer investigation ... and off you go!

This destination turns out to be just the first in a series of planetary hops which you will be required to make (How many planets in the series? Play the game and see!). On each planet you visit, your task will be basically similar. You will need to explore all avenues as you search for the name of the next planet in the chain you'll find it somewhere! As you go, you will get yourself into a fair number of tricky situations, and will need to extricate yourself again. You will also discover a large number of other objects about the place, some of which you may wish to take along with you because there's a chance they might prove useful at a

later stage ... ah! but can you get the characters in possession of these objects to let you take them away? That may not be easy! Even when you've discovered the name of your next port of call, your troubles are not at an end. You still have to get back to your ship and take off safely ... and then, of course, you may have a problem landing on the next planet ... not all worlds will welcome you with open arms!

In fact, some worlds are positively hostile and it will pay you well to keep your trusty laser pistol close to hand ... always presuming you can keep its powerpack topped up, of course! Even then, you may find yourself under missile attack as you attempt to leave a planet ... unless you've managed to disable the weapon systems before you go! Other worlds don't really care who you are as long as you can pay your way. You have got some money, haven't you? And if your ship breaks down, you'll have to find a way of fixing it ... and, of course, some of the information you discover may be misleading (don't believe everything you read), but only you can decide if it is or not ... and then, you tend to get a little hungry now and again (well, you're only human), and it's not always possible to find food at just the time you need it!

Eventually though, you will make it to the last planet (arriving with something of a smash!) and find your way through to a confrontation with Dalder, who takes great glee in revealing to you all the ghastly details of his foul plan for galactic domination! Unfortunately, there seems to be little you can do about it at the moment because the floor opens up under your feet and you find yourself in a prison cell with walls closing in on you from all directions! In just a couple of moves you are going to have more in common with a flapjack than you ever thought would be possible! This is the final sequence of the adventure, then ... escape from rapidly shrinking cell, take action to thwart Dalder's dastardly intent, and get yourself off the planet before everything goes sort of KABOOM!!! Very little help is given with this part of the game and, once again, you will find yourself having to work out what to do and how to do it mostly on your own. However, perseverance, persistence and experimentation should eventually lead you to complete success.

Fortress Of Keler

As you watch the tall figure ride off into the distance, you breathe a sigh of relief. Keler the Magician has gone! While he is away, you intend to gain entry to his stronghold. Slowly you make your way up the rocky path towards the forbidding Fortress. It's all your own fault of course. Of all the people to fall in love with, you had to pick the Baron's only daughter! And you no more than a peasant! No money. No lands. No status. Let you marry his daughter?! Hah! The Baron is more likely to cut your ears off just to amuse himself if you so much as mentioned such a thing! However, there is one faint thread of hope. A few days ago, in the tavern, you had heard the rumour ... that after many years of labour, Keler had at last perfected the formula for The Elixir ... a powerful potion capable of turning lead into gold! If only you had that potion! The gold you could create would be more than sufficient to satisfy the Baron. You approach the towering walls. Suddenly, you realise how hopeless it all is. The huge iron portcullis blocks the only entrance. The smooth brickwork offers no possibility of handholds for climbing. You begin to feel hungry. You seem to have failed before you have even begun ...

But you haven't of course! Simply typing "HELP" gives you the information "Make like Ali Baba", and in a twinkling the portcullis is no longer a problem, and you can make your way into the adventure proper. This input also introduces you to The Housekeeper ... a disembodied Voice ... who will accompany you on your

explorations (for reasons that will be revealed to you at the end of the game), and may, in certain situations, offer you the odd hint or two if you happen to ask for "HELP". Very useful the old Voice is too!

The inside of Keler's Fortress is fairly large. The bumf which came with the game says that there are about 150 rooms ... it seemed like a lot more than that! Make yourself a good map ... there's lots of exploring to do and the routes to be followed can get quite complex at times ... you wouldn't want to miss anything now, would you? You will soon find that problems and puzzles are flying at you thick and fast, and that many of them are of the classic varieties (e.g. locked doors and cupboards which need opening, dark areas for which you need a light source, secret entrances which need to be discovered, magic spells for which you have to gather the correct ingredients, red herrings aplenty, strange inhabitants in remote corners of the Fortress, who may be a help or a hindrance) but that doesn't detract one jot from the pleasure you get in solving them correctly.

"EXAMINE" will, as usual, pay off handsomely if you give it extensive use. There is much information to be gathered by carrying out a close inspection of everything you come across ... on occasion, it might just save your life! The text is fairly atmospheric throughout with some location descriptions being particularly evocative. The adventure boasts a strange mix of the old and the new ... the traditional and the not-so-traditional (e.g. there are both cauldrons and telephones to be found and used ... there are ogres to be overcome, and safes with combination locks to be opened). Within its own limits, however, the game seems to work very well. Most of the problems and solutions are logical and fair (although there is the odd silly one ... like how to overcome the Wall Of Fire!) and will entertain and test you.

I think that the game comes across very well. The unusual mixture of objects, characters, puzzles and solutions has been skilfully woven into a large landscape to create a veritable spaghetti of complex strings to unravel. At times, you'll wonder where to start as so many different routes and puzzles present themselves to you from so many different directions! But the whole lot can be successfully resolved, and there is much pleasure to be had in doing so!

Then, of course, there is the suprise ending (which isn't a lot to do with you and the Baron's daughter living happily ever after ... 'though that might have happened too, I suppose), and the final message of congratulations, which goes something like ... "You have succeeded admirably. You have shown courage, bravery, intelligence and good judgement. You have talent. You will go far." ... and more stuff like that! Just what the exhausted adventurer likes to hear ... and all so true!!

I liked both of these games very much. I particularly enjoyed the way the problems in each meshed and tangled so that a lot of thought was required in order to discover the correct sequence in which to solve each stage. This is further complicated by the fact that some objects are total red herrings and some solutions appear to work satisfactorily at first, but later it becomes obvious that they are incorrect. This is real old fashioned adventuring ... flawed and quirky ... but challenging and entertaining nonetheless. Although not up to the standard of the early Level 9 adventures, these games show unmistakable signs of influence from that direction, which is no bad thing. At £2.00 each they are probably a touch overpriced, but at £3.00 for both, they are worth checking out ... provided that you don't find the minimalist approach to presentation offputting!

Reviewer - Jim O'Keeffe - Spectrum

HAMSTER SOFTWARE, 25 Elgin Park, Redland, Bristol BS6 6RX.

Golden Anniversary?

While chatting to young Pat Winstanley the other night we discussed how one might go about getting the right idea for the right adventure at the right time. In other words, how to cash in on the publicity that will result from some event or other being in the news at the time of the adventure's release. For example, the 200th anniversary of England sending all future Australian cricketers to Botany Bay. By the end of January 1988 the world's newspapers will be full of it, so whoever has got the adventure game ready for marketing when the event happens is going to make a bob or two. And if you fancy writing a game based on the theme of being a convict and getting from here to there you'd better get on with it, lead time on adventure games being quite long, remember.

Source of ideas

One of the simplest ways of coming up with the right idea is to consult an encyclopaedia or dictionary that has a list of important dates in it. Thus we can discover that approximately one thousand years ago the Vikings attacked Paris. Or, going back even further, we find that poor old Virgil died about two thousand years ago. However, these two events do not an adventure game make. Virgil died, he was buried (or burnt), end of Virgil. The Vikings had a go at Paris, raided all the shops, severely mutilated a few people, and that was the end of that.

How, then, to come up with the idea for an adventure game? Like the writing of the game in the first place, we need imagination. Let's look at one example of an event that happened several hundred years ago. An event that, if glanced over in an encyclopaedia, would probably be overlooked but, given a bit of thought, could turn out to be the roots of a very good adventure game.

Dates and History

Obviously one is looking for events that happened a multiple of fifty or one hundred years ago. One is looking for events of some importance. Virgil, however one may revere his poetry, is not the type of chap who would make a great adventure game.

It is not absolutely necessary to look for things that occurred exactly five hundred years ago, or whatever. We can assume that historians cannot pinpoint to within the minute the time at which various things took place. We can afford to give them a slight leeway. So, if you're thinking of writing an adventure game that will celebrate some significant anniversary in the year 1988 we can look for dates like 1287, 1289, 1437, and so on.

Having come across a date that seems vaguely important to you, the writer of the game, one has to take a closer look at it. Four hundred and fifty years ago Albert (Tatlock?) became the first Habsburg Emperor. Will W.H. Smiths leap out of their cashflows to buy a game based on this fact? Probably not. There is no sort of backup to it at all. Slightly more interesting is the five hundred and fifty year gap between 1988 and

the start of the Hundred Years' War between England and France. What started the war? Historical interest for schools, the adventure game provides a backup to traditional teaching methods? Maybe not. How do you make a child at school interested in the fact that Edward the III wanted to claim the crown of France through his mother? Tricky chaps, kings of England.

No, look for something that has an anniversary, is of historical importance, has something about it that will appeal to people of all ages (educational sales, it all helps!), and which, of course, could be made into a good adventure. Like the following, perchance.

The Crusades

By looking through the encyclopaedias we can discover that in 1188 the Third Crusade set off, led by Philip Augustus of France and Richard I of England. The story of the Crusades (and in particular the so-called *Children's Crusade* of 1212) is known to many, but how about the background to these religious voyages?

I mention the Third Crusade because it is the only one that really fits into our 'anniversary' theme. In addition it has certain facts that we can check out. Richard I (alias *Richard the Lionheart*) and Philip Augustus of France were the principal leaders of the expedition. The historical background of the country at the time is known and easily checked. And certain fascinating ideas spring forward. How did one go about 'joining' such a crusade?

There is the start of our adventure. How did a person who wanted to profess their faith get involved in one of these epic journeys? The main feature would be the walk to Canterbury in Kent, about which much is known. They would start in London, and over the course of many weeks try and survive any number of horrors in order to become a part of the crusade. Tax collectors, itinerant vagabonds and robbers, all sorts of people lived in medieval England, all sorts of hazards presented themselves to the unwary traveller, and it is all (or at least most of it!) nicely documented for us.

Thus, the main place to aim for if you were intent on setting off on one of these exhibitions was Canterbury, in Kent. Good old Chaucer provides a wealth of information about the road from London to Canterbury, and even if he was writing many years before the third crusade took it into its head to start a sponsored walk across Europe without Ian Botham he still provides us with a great deal of interesting facts (to say nothing of figures). We can safely assume that medieval England did not change all that much from Chaucer's day to the start of the third crusade. Motorways were not carved through southern England, civil servants didn't go on strike and Alan Whicker did not pop up at the most inopportune moment. So a lot of what Chaucer has to say could go into this epic voyage from London to Canterbury.

This means that we know the countryside involved, and that is enough to make a more than entertaining adventure. I've often toyed with the idea of writing an adventure game based on the Pennine Way, that long

distance footpath stretching from Edale in Derbyshire to Kirk Yetholm inside the borders of Scotland. In real life it took me three weeks to get from start to finish, and one encountered more than enough problems en route to form the basis for a good, meaty, adventure program. Apart from the obvious hazards of climbing up hill, meandering down dale, relieving one's pressing bladder in what no one knew to be an army training camp that just happened to be having an exercise involving REAL BULLETS at the time, there are also the sort of problems that rely on logic.

Making Problems

To give just one example of a thing that happened to me that could easily be turned into a test of the player's ingenuity in a real adventure game. We were relaxing after completing the admittedly not very difficult climb of a hill called Pen-y-Ghent. It was about three o'clock in the afternoon, a pleasant mile or so down the other side of the hill lies the charming village of Horton-in-Ribblesdale, thirteen miles away from Hawes, the intended stop on the next day (we were taking it easy). Nothing to do except to relax, smoke a cigarette and have a welcome swig out of a can of beer, you might think. Wrong! Reaching into back pocket for a lighter for the cigarettes I discovered that I didn't have any money. Horton-in-Ribblesdale does not possess a Youth Hostel, we knew that already, and so one had to stay in a bed and breakfast, preferably one that was an integral part of a pub. These things, sadly for us require money. My companion was similarly bereft of funds. What to do?

Race down the other side of the hill (after finishing cigarettes and beer of course) and ask where the nearest bank is, any fool can see that. Well, that is what we did, and at about twenty five past three we went into a cafe in Horton-in-Ribblesdale and asked about the whereabouts of the nearest bank. Hawes, we were told, contained the nearest bank. Hawes, all of thirteen miles away. Banks closed in five minutes, we did not possess any of those magical hole in the wall cards, sleeping outside would have been uncomfortable and cold (and that is in twentieth century England, so how would a provisional Crusader have survived?), so once more we were faced with the vexed question of what to do?

Solving Problems

We solved the problem (all together now, ah!), but that will remain a secret between us and Horton-in-Ribblesdale. We might want to go back there!

But it does illustrate just one way in which a simple everyday problem could become a problem in an adventure game. And if that sort of thing can happen now, think about our poor pilgrims. It took a long time to get from London to Canterbury in those days, Network South-East being somewhat less than efficient 700 years ago. Come to think of it ...

The idea has educational appeal (sales to schools, perhaps), people might manage to get interested in the history and geography of our

country all those years ago, and just about everything that we normally need to do when considering a new adventure game has been done for us. The only (!) skill on your part is that involved in writing the game itself. Everything else is there, ideas, locations, people, problems to be solved, all found by looking in the history books.

Conclusion

Some of the least obvious things make the best adventures. If you can't, or don't want to, think of an original idea for an adventure game, and can't be bothered with the (at best) dubious copyright laws governing some of the classic works of English Literature, then take an oblique look at the events of history. You can't copyright history; there are some fine adventures to be had and tales to be told; you can, given the right slant on the game, make it appeal to all sorts of people from all walks of life. You can also, happy relief, find that a lot of the work in mapping out the game and sorting out the problems to be solved by the player, has already been done for you. Easy, really!

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HALL OF FAME

This section is normally reserved to thank everyone for sending in contributions over the previous month. This month, however, I would like to thank everyone who has contributed to every issue of 'Probe' that it has been my pleasure to produce.

A glance through your back issues will show that the names are too numerous to mention. So thank you to everyone who has contributed. The editor does not write the magazine YOU do!

SERIALISED SOLUTIONS

KARYSSIA - Alf Baldwin - Spectrum

FINAL PART. Part 3.

Enter the passcode LOXA and you find yourself in the dungeon awaiting execution. WAIT, and a sparrow flies in through the window. It says "I was sent by Falcassia to give you this". It gives you a pearl and continues, "carry this, say Arona Corola, and you will return here". It then flies away. To prevent the guards taking the pearl away from you, SWALLOW PEARL, then WAIT, the guards arrive to take you to your execution and you are chained to the wall in a sandrap. WAIT and the gaoler tells you that Loranin has been captured and killed. Then he pulls a lever and the pit begins to fill with sand, WAIT, WAIT, WAIT, until the sand is up to your neck, then SAY ARONA COROLA. As you disappear the sand covers your head disguising your disappearance. Something inside you vanishes and you are back in the dungeon.

The guards have not bothered to close the door so go W, N, N, N, to a room and GET CURSE SPELL, then S, U, U, to the top of the steps. To kill the guard CAST CURSE SPELL. He screams, clutches his neck, and dies. Go E, N, to the Northeast tower and GET FEAR SPELL, then return S, W, D, D, W, to the gaoler's room. CAST FEAR SPELL, and a look of terror spreads over the gaoler's face, and he trembles in fear. KILL GAOLER, he is terrified and puts up little resistance. He drops a copper key in the fight, so GET COPPER KEY, and go E, U, U, E, S, W, to the Hunter's storeroom. GET BOW and go E, to the passage. EXAMINE GATE and you see that it has a copper lock, so UNLOCK GATE with the copper key and OPEN GATE. Go S, to the outdoor passage and KILL GUARD. He was unarmed so this was no problem. Go W, W, W, W, N, W, W, to a small room and GET LEVITATION SPELL, then E, E, S, E, S, S, S, W, S, S, W, to a guardroom. You are in luck, the guard is asleep at his post. Do not do anything to wake him but continue, S, U, U, to the Southwest turret. GET ARROW and GET BRASS KEY, and go D, N, to the entrance to the tower.

SHOOT GUARD, with the bow and arrow, and go N, N, to an iron gate. EXAMINE GATE, it has a brass lock, so UNLOCK GATE with the brass key, OPEN GATE and go N, E, E, E, to the Bell Tower. A long rope hangs down so PULL ROPE and the alarm bell rings. Below, you see many castle guards rush to the Courtyard, some face the gates and others swarm up the ramparts. Your only escape is to CAST LEVITATION SPELL, and you float gently down by the main gateway. PULL LEVER and the portcullis smashes down, trapping the guards in the Courtyard.

Go E, E, E, to a small room and GET DOUBLESWORDS then W, W, W, N, E, N, N, N, E, U, W, S, to another small room. GET SILVER KEY and go N, E, D, W, S, S, W, N, U, S, E, N, to the Library. READ HISTORY, you read about how Karyssia came to power by treachery, deceit and cunning. A new chapter has been added telling of her masterful skill in combat. The chapter ends abruptly, the last words being "she is undefeatable with the swords of" READ LEGEND, you read about the legend of the Star Pendant which is an amulet of power. Its method of use has been lost, but it was probably associated with the Starfighters, a long-dead group of warriors. The swords of these fighters also hold great power.

Reading further, you find that the tunnels below the castle were once home to the Starfighters. They have since been converted into a testing ground for the Elite Guards. READ CABALISM, Cabalism is a form of spoken magic. You find a reference to the Star Pendant, which says the words of the cabalistic spell to use with it have been lost. The rest of the book is missing. There is a silver door to the east, so UNLOCK DOOR, with the silver key, OPEN DOOR and go E, to the Librarian's study. GET SKILL SPELL, CAST SKILL SPELL, GET PENDANT, GET DIAMOND KEY, and go W, S, W, U, S, E, N, to a storeroom. GET BLESS SPELL, GET INVISIBILITY SPELL (The illusion spell is a red herring.) Go S, E, N, N, W, N, to another storeroom. GET KNIFE, GET LEVITATION SPELL, GET FLOATSTONE, and go S, E, N, to the Elite Guards room. CAST INVISIBILITY SPELL, and you creep north out of sight to the east end of a corridor (note that this spell does not fool the Elite Guards in the other room). Go W, N, and you find yourself in Sindowa's study. Sindowa waves his hands and a stone wall appears behind you. In front of you, there is a small explosion and a small wyvern appears and begins to grow. KILL WYVERN (you must do this immediately, before it is fully grown). Sindowa curses you, and you feel a sharp pain in your throat. CAST BLESS SPELL, this removes Sindowa's curse, but you see him mumbling another spell and holding a large black orb. SMASH ORB, there is a flash and Sindowa screams, collapses and dies.

Go N, and you find yourself in an immense room. The door slams shut behind you and you are trapped face to face with Karyssia. She says "Impertinent scoundrel", and levels a crossbow at you. THROW KNIFE, she avoids it but it spoils her aim and the bolt from the crossbow misses you. Karyssia throws aside the crossbow, and casts several fire spells at your feet. Flames rise around you so CAST LEVITATION SPELL and you rise out of the flames. Karyssia then casts a Dispel-magic spell and you fall to the floor. However, the floatstone you are carrying, ensures a soft landing. Furiously, Karyssia draws a pair of glowing doubleswords, casts off her cloak, and prepares to attack you. You remember the star pendant and the words on the pentagram and you say SWORDS ASTARA ORDANIA. Her doubleswords glow red hot and she screams and drops them. They vaporise as she says "The star pendant! Damn you!" Your star pendant vanishes and Karyssia draws a pair of ordinary doubleswords and prepares to attack. Now you are on equal terms, KILL KARYSSIA. She is a master of combat, and fights with a ferocity fuelled by rage. She attacks viciously and continuously, ignoring wounds. Finally you defeat her although she is defiant to the last.

The evil Karyssia lies at your feet, dead. Your quest is complete. Searching the room, you discover enough spells to guarantee an easy exit from the castle. You decide to levitate out through a window. Taking a large diamond which you found, you prepare to fly away, but something makes you turn around. You see a bright column of light over the Queen's corpse, and within you see the image of Karyssia. The image speaks "You think you have killed me, I cannot be killed!" The corpse's bracelet glows and vanishes. As it does so, the image shimmers and flies towards you, but not at you, for it flies out of the window and into the distance. You wonder if you are dreaming, but for now, for the present, you have succeeded in your quest. Loranin would have been delighted.....Adventure completed.

Part 2

Jamison took the coffer from me and guided me up onto the deck and over to his ship which was alongside. He gave up his own cabin for my use and made sure that I was safe from the unwelcome attentions of his pirates while we sailed for two days until we anchored in the blue lagoon just off the island of St. Sinistra.

I was sleeping in my bed when I woke to find Jamison bending over me. This time he was dressed in rich clothes and looked even more handsome. I jumped off the bed in alarm but he quietened me at once. He explained that he was going to attend the ball at Lafond's manison that evening in an attempt to rescue my father. I wanted to go with him but he firmly refused. He told me that I would be quite safe as long as I stayed locked below decks away from the pirates and that, should anything go wrong, I could trust Cookie to take care of me.

With that he left me alone but, to my delight, I noticed that the cupboard which normally blocked the entrance was not firmly fixed and that I could perhaps squeeze through the gap. I went North and found myself on a landing with stairs leading both up and down. I found that I couldn't go up to the deck because the door was firmly barred and I wondered what to do next.

Going back to the cabin I looked through the window and saw a skiff waiting below to take Jamison to the island. As I went back to the landing I decided to explore a bit and wend down into the aft hold. There was nothing to be seen here so I went North to the hold wehre there was a canvas covered hatch. But this too I couldn't open. Going North once more I found myself in the crew's quarters. There was no-one about and I spotted a bottle and a piece of mirror which I took. The bottle contained a drug and, although I couldn't see any use for it, I put it together with the mirror in my reticule. I returned to the landing and was just about to open the cupboard to see what was inside when Jamison returned!

He was surprised to find that I had escaped from the cabin but I was relieved when he only laughed and said that, as long as I stayed below decks I would be safe. He had a gift for me, a beautiful brooch but the clasp was broken. I put it in my reticule anyway and he handed me the coffer and, before leaving and bolting the door once more, he asked me to replace it in his cabin. I opened the coffer and found inside it an invitation to the ball which I popped in my reticule with the other items I had found. I opened the sleeping cupboard and stepped inside. My eyes fell immediately upon the shirt and breeches which lay there. They looked just about my size and, quickly stripping off my gown, I put them on. Going back into the cabin I looked again through the window. This time I saw a rope ladder hanging past the window. If only I could get through the window I could climb up and escape from my prison. In a fit of temper I hurled the empty coffer at the window. The window shattered and I couldn't believe my good fortune. In a flash I scrambled through the window and grabbed for the swinging ladder. It was really hard trying to climb up and I was banged against the side of the ship many times before I eventually climbed up onto the poop.

As I wandered aft I was relieved to find that the pirates now took me for a cabin boy but upon looking around I realised that something was very wrong! Unnoticed by the crew the ship was drifting towards the reef! Unless something was done, and quickly, we would soon be smashed to pieces! All my cries of warning went ignored so I raced forward until I came to the forecandle where I spied a winch and lever. I pulled the lever up and breathed a sigh of relief as the anchor dropped and the ship stopped its dangerous drift.

I didn't want to draw any attention to myself so I quickly slipped inside the shack which was set on the forecandle. Inside I found Cookie who was calmly carving into his wooden leg. A dagger lay on the deck at my feet and I took it quickly just in case I needed something to defend myself with. Cookie saw through my disguise at once although he still called me lad. He told me not to worry because if there was any trouble Jamison would signal from an east facing upstairs window of the house and that would be the signal for the crew to rush to his rescue.

I wandered back to the main deck and opened the canvas hatch. As I did so I began to be aware of the faint smell of burning coming up from the hold. I went down to see if there was anything I could do and, to my horror, I saw a fuse burning across the floor towards the ammunition which was firmly locked behind a large gate. Try as I might I couldn't get inside to put out the fuse! There was only a six inch gap at the top of the gate and I could never squeeze through that. Suddenly I had an idea. I tore a rag out of my frock and raced back up the stairs. At the top on the main deck were two barrels, one of rum and the other of water. I dipped the rag into the water until it was soaking wet and raced down to the hold once more. I threw the soaking rag over the top of the gate and nearly fainted with relief when it landed upon the fuse and put it out.

Someone had set that fuse and perhaps also raised the anchor! A traitor! Jamison had to be warned at all costs. But how on earth was I to make my way to the island in time? I went to the quarter deck and looked around, there were some casks tied together on the deck and one of them was almost empty. Quickly I climbed inside. There was a piece of salt pork stuck to the bottom of the cask and I took this and placed it in my reticule. I noticed that just where the line was tied over this cask it was frayed so, praying with all my might that I wouldn't be giving myself up to death by my actions, I cut the line with my dagger.

The casks rolled off the deck and mine landed in the lagoon with a great splash and I was tossed around until I felt sick. Then the cask began to drift on the tide towards the island. I waited until it drifted into the shallows beside the skiff and scrambled out and raced for the beach. Here I paused to get my breath back and to take stock of my surroundings. To the North a path led up the encircling cliffs. I climbed up and found myself on a wide lawn before a magnificent mansion. I quickly stepped back into the shadows as I heard two men talking in hushed voices. I could barely hear what they were saying but I understood enough to realise that it was the traitor Culley, the pirate who I had hit with the coffer, talking to someone from the house.

When they disappeared I slipped East into the Folly and looked around. There was no way that I could enter the mansion whilst dressed as I was and my frock was all torn and dirty. As I looked around I saw a slat of bamboo at the rear of the Folly was loose and I moved it to reveal a hole large enough to squeeze through. Before I had time to do so however, Captain Jamison entered the folly and stopped in surprise when he saw me. I had expected his anger and stepped back in fear but he only smiled at me. Plucking a flower from over the door he placed it in my hair and took me in his arms. All my feelings of fear vanished as I found myself crushed against him and his kiss was long and sweet. I knew in that moment that I loved Nick with all my heart and I clung to him in delight. All too soon he released me, saying that now was not the moment for love and that we were in a dangerous situation. Kissing me one last time, he left the folly and, with my heart pounding with emotion I slipped through the hole in the bamboo wall and found myself in a thick hedge. I squeezed North until I came to a window. I opened it and was just about to step inside when I hesitated. Suppose someone saw me. I couldn't enter the house until I had a suitable disguise.

I made my way back to the folly and onto the lawn. The veranda was to the North but that was too dangerous so I went West into the forest and followed a path North until I came to a trad entrance. I slipped inside and found myself in a large smokey kitchen. A woman was sitting by the fire and she rushed to me as I entered. It was obvious from her words that she was a friend of my father and thought that I had come to help her to escape.

I asked her to tell me about Lafond and she told me of her hatred of him. Lucy, for that was her name, handed me a red garter and told me to take it to my father as quickly as possible. As I took it I realised that she had no idea that my father was a prisoner here and it would be useless to tell her of it so I slipped back outside and back to the forest while I thought of what to do next.

I noticed a little path leading Northeast and following it I found myself in a small clearing beside the house. There was an open upstairs window and, as the wall was covered in strong creepers, I scrambled up and entered a beautiful bedroom.

It was obvious that this was being used as a ladies' dressing room for the ball that evening and I was delighted to see a beautiful ball gown lying on the bed. It looked just about my size and I wasted no time in divesting myself of my boy's clothes and donning it. Quickly tidying myself and combing my hair I was satisfied that I now looked like a guest and went through the door to the North and onto the upstairs landing. To the North was a parlour but, apart from a pair of duelling pistols that I couldn't reach high on the wall, there was nothing of interest so I went further east across the landing.

I passed the top of the stairs and continued until I came to an ornate door set into the North wall. This was locked so I went South onto the high gallery which ran round the ballroom. There was a chandelier suspended by a pulley and rope here and the rope was tied to the railing of the gallery. I gazed down at the assembled dancers.

Anger overcame me as I thought of these people enjoying themselves when my poor father was a prisoner and I wanted to punish them. I untied the rope in the hope that the chandelier would fall into the ballroom below so that, in the ensuing confusion I could safely look for my father but it was stuck and refused to fall.

I went back to the top of the stairs and, taking a deep breath, I slowly descended. The butler was standing in the foyer in front of the ballroom door and I gave him the invitation. He didn't question it at all and stood aside so that I could enter the ballroom to the south. There were gasps of admiration as I entered but before I could look around Nick was before me. He swept me into his arms and we began to dance round the ballroom.

I was decidedly uneasy about how I had left the chandelier and I pulled Nick to the East into the supper room as soon as I could. Here he whispered that he knew that my father was imprisoned in the dungeons below the library but that he couldn't find the entrance there.

He swept me back into the ballroom before I had time to reply and then, to my horror he said that we mustn't be seen together, and he left me alone. But I wasn't alone for long. I had only just managed to open the veranda doors to escape through when Lafond himself grabbed my arm. "Dance with me or your father dies!" he hissed. I could do nothing else so allowed him to lead me into the dance. It was horrible but I had to put up with it for my father's sake. Soon he leaned closer to me and said that I must have supper alone with him later and that he would send the butler to find me. With that parting shot he left me once more alone.

I quickly went into the supper room and dived under the table which lay across the north exit and arrived in a hallway. There was an open door to the North and I slipped inside to hide. I realised at once that this was the library and I looked around eager to find the secret entry to the dungeons. There was a very fine hat hanging from a knob on the wall. I pushed the knob thinking that perhaps this would help but nothing happened except for a strange kind of vibration which came up from the floor. I inspected the bookcase and stared puzzled at the books. Something was wrong here. Only one book seemed to have been read. I tried to take the book but it snapped back from my fingers and, at the same moment, I heard a strange grating sound coming from the wall. I noticed the portrait of the man hanging on the wall showed him with his hand resting on a globe with his finger on the island of St. Sinistra and, to my delight, I saw a globe in one corner of the room.

I pushed hard upon the spot which showed the island of Sinistra and the portrait immediately swung away from the wall. I went north through the opening as fast as I could and down the stairwell into the gloomy passages below. I went eastwards until I came into a guards bunkroom where I found a powder horn and a large key. I took them both and began to explore around.....

(to be continued)

IT'S A RECORD BREAKER
by Pete Gerrard

As a chronicler of the adventures of Strombrigner the Grey and Dimli Gloing, casually careless wizard and ale admiring dwarf respectively, I fear that I must take something of a back seat as regards their latest excursion into lands of romantic danger.

It had been some little while since our last encounter, and over a quiet lunchtime game of pool in the pub known as The Venture, Sandra Sharkey was pressing me for news regarding their current whereabouts.

"What are they doing, what are they up to, where have they gone, how did they - ?"

I was forced to interrupt her breathless inquisition. "Sandra, I haven't the faintest idea. What they do and where they go is up to them, I just -"

In my turn I was also interrupted. This time by the opening of the pub door and the impressive appearance of our two friends. "Good morrow master Peter, ah!, and young Sandra as well, I trust you are both of good health?" The kindly voice of the wizard echoed across the room, and I turned to look at him. His face was, as usual, smiling in greeting. Dimli was his familiar taciturn self. "Grunt," he grunted, his eyes resting briefly in disbelief on Sandra's sky blue jogging outfit before he noted the high heeled shoes that completed the ensemble and, with a satisfied nod, turned his attention towards its more traditional destiny: the bar.

"Alas, I fear we shall not be staying long" continued the wizard, "we are currently engaged in a rather curious mission. More detective than adventure, I fancy, but still, it is an interesting affair and well worthy of mention. We must return ere long, we must tarry forth and into battle as it were, but I am glad that we were able to stop by. Sandra, my dear, we would be most grateful if you could accompany us. The brain of a woman is an, ah, unusual thing, we may need its subtleties if we are to reach a successful conclusion."

Sandra looked at once both startled and delighted. Dimli looked thirsty, and drummed his fingers on the bar top, level with his nose. A barmaid noted the fingers, glanced briefly at Sandra and myself, then shook her head. "What is it?" she asked, whereupon Strombrigner replied "Three pints of bitter and one, what was it, oh yes, coke, if I may." He produced a battered ten pound note and laid it on the bar before turning to whisper in my direction. "Wonderful things, greyhounds, particularly those with the traditional number of legs."

"Harry the fence?" I asked.

"Precisely," he replied, rubbing the side of his nose with his forefinger. "None other, marvellouse tipster."

The drinks were paid for, and I noted with some alarm that while Strombrigner was carrying one pint of bitter and the glass of coke, Dimli was carrying the other two pints of bitter. A minor disaster on the pool table saw me inadvertently pot the black when I shouldn't have, and, with the game over, I was able to retrieve my drink before it disappeared into the depths of a dwarf.

"Your very good health" said the wizard, raising his glass to his lips and swallowing a good third of the contents. "A goodly drop," he announced, carefully replacing the glass on the table. Dimli, with considerably less aplomb, opened his mouth and deposited half a pint inside it, before his glass also returned to the table. Sandra had a demure sip of coke, I finished off the remainder of my previous pint and settled the fresh one in front of me. Strombrigner pinched one of my cigarettes with such a graceful motion that I could only admire rather than chastise, and once the bowl of his pipe was glowing brightly and the preliminaries were over, he began his tale.

"Our mission centres itself around a house in a rather unseemly area fairly close to this very establishment. There, a most peculiar haunting is taking place, and it has fallen to us to find the cause and, if we can, the cure also."

"How do you get these, er, missions?" I inquired.

"Yellow Pages" snapped the wizard. "This haunting is unusual in that it is concerned only with one object in the house, a record, or album, or L.P., whatever it is that the things are called. It seems that every time a light is switched on in the room that holds the record collection, this particular one leaps out of its place and lands to the floor with a crash. Sometimes it will break, and the expense of buying replacements is becoming too great for the unfortunate owner. Hence, we were called in." He leant back in his chair with the air of one who has a good tale, and has told it well., It was, I had to admit, most singular.

Sandra drew deeply on a cigarette ("an emotional crutch", as she had once confided), and watched the smoke curl slowly towards the ceiling. Strombrigner, without any change in his facial expression, caused it to twist and turn into the shape of a snake, he gave it eyes and tongue, and made it slither along the ceiling until it disappeared into the other bar, whereupon he disowned it in a welter of shrieks and wails from those who had just seen it. "Any ideas, my dear?" he asked Sandra politely. "I confess that I am, at present, completely baffled."

"Stupid," grunted the dwarf, but to what he was referring was, as ever, a mystery.

"Who's the record by?" Sandra's query came after a lengthy deliberation.

"By?" echoed the wizard. "Why, I don't know. I have of course glanced at the sleeve, saw the image of some middle aged pipe smoking crooner, and dismissed it as being of no importance. You think otherwise?"

"Well, just an idea," said Sandra, "just an idea. You see -"

"Come!" bellowed Strombrigner in his most authoritative voice. "We are delaying and wasting vital time. I assured the lady of the house that the matter would be sorted by dusk, we have few hours left at our disposal." He stood up, drained his glass, and waited somewhat impatiently for myself to do likewise. Dimli needed no further encouragement and was only slightly dismayed when he realised that no more was in the immediate offing. "All being well we shall return before one hour of the clock has passed," said Strombrigner, reassuringly. "They do, I presume, close at three thirty, Master Peter?"

"Indeed they do," I replied, noting that there were about ninety minutes to go before that crucial time. "An hour and a half then."

"How do we get there?" asked Sandra, ever practical.

"Why, walk of course!" retorted the wizard, "it is not far. Come!"

We followed Strombrigner and Dimli out of the pub, leaving several baffled drinkers in our wake. Most of them knew Sandra from her exploits on the pool table, and were already concocting tales concerning the strange company that she was lately beginning to keep. The barmaid had merely gaped in open-mouthed astonishment, but such reactions often followed the wizard and the dwarf, and I had become used to it.

We set off at a keen pace, Dimli to the fore, and proceeded along a road that curved away from the pub and then went steeply uphill. "Oooh, my back," moaned Sandra, but a glance from the wizard cowed her and she hurried on after the rapidly retreating dwarf. I was by her side, with Strombrigner just in front, and in that order we continued on up the hill. At a T-junction the wizard paused briefly, and then swung an arm out to the left. We turned left.

A couple of hundred yards later on and we reached another junction, this time with a pub on the corner. Dimli looked longingly at it, causing Sandra to remark, "Do you have a Liverpool accent?" The bewildered dwarf shook his head and gripped his axe fiercely. "Well don't go in then!" continued Sandra, as the wizard stuck an arm out to the right and quickened his gait. "Nearly there!" he said, encouragingly.

Dimli Gloing peered once more at the pub, noted with some interest a tottering drunk coming out of it, and shrugged his shoulders. "Odd" he grunted, and turned to hurry on after the wizard. Sandra and I had no option other than to follow.

We moved away from the pub and walked along a lane that quickly grew to be surrounded by estate houses. Many and various were the streets that led off from this main thoroughfare, but Strombrigner picked his way through them with ease, merely pausing every now and again as if getting his bearings. He never stopped for long, however, and plunged unerringly amongst the many houses. Presently he stopped in front of one, which bore the number 9 on the front door, and with a loud 'rap'

above the letter box he announced his presence to the occupants. It was with some trepidation that I awaited our hosts.

My fears were ungrounded, for a rather attractive young woman opened the door, a small child clutching at her legs for support. "Yes?" she said, hesitantly, her gaze passing from one to the other of us in confusion, clearly not recognising anyone.

"AARK!" screeched Strombrigner, "Wrong house! Good day to you madam, good day." Hastily he doffed his wimple in a gesture of courtesy, then rapidly moved away to the adjacent house. There he regained his composure and knocked on the wooden door, glancing every now and again at the woman who still remained in the doorway of number 9, her eyes firmly fixed on the wizard, as if determined to remember him should she later be questioned. Hardly a difficult person to describe, I would have imagined.

The door opened and a child with blonde hair peered at us. "Yeth?" he lisped, before being shooed away by his equally blonde mother. "What is it?" she began, then stopped as she took in the fact that it was Strombrigner. "Come in, come in," she begged, "I thought you were never coming back!"

"My dear lady." The wizard offered his apologies, and we all trooped into the small front room behind the woman. She banged the door shut once we were all in, and deposited the child in the kitchen. "Follow me," she said, and led the way up the stairs. There were three bedrooms and a bathroom to be found, and she quickly indicated one of the smaller rooms. "My husband's study," she told us, "he likes to play his records when he's working. You know what the problem is," she continued in a whisper to the wizard.

"Indeed yes," he replied gravely, "Dimli here has just seen him leaving the -"

"No, no, no!" snapped our host, "the record, the record! It has grown worse in the half hour that you have been away. Two records jumped out!"

I glanced around the room, and saw the two records lying, still in their sleeves, in the middle of the room. They were unbroken. All the others seemed to be in place, although it was hard to tell in the gloom. The window had been boarded over, and the only means of light was a bulb overhead. It was unlit at present. As if to show the nature of the problem the woman walked fearlessly into the room, picked the records up and put them back in the collection, and then returned to our side.

"Watch", she said dramatically, and switched the light on. At once the two records flew out onto the floor, landing face upwards with a dull thump from one and a loud crack from the other as it snapped under the impact of the fall.

I looked at them. "Bing Crosby," I said, identifying the singer and trying to be helpful, but Strombrigner merely turned a baffled face towards me and said, "So?"

And then it started. For those who haven't heard Sandra's laugh it can be a startling thing at close range, particularly when, as now, she found it difficult to control herself. She leant against the wall, giggling hysterically, and we could only stand and stare until she regained her senses and could tell us what had happened, or perhaps explain what strange thought had occurred to her.

Presently she calmed down, and looked at the wizard. "Well?" she said, "Haven't you figured it out? I would have thought that you of all people..."

She let the sentence hang in mid-air, while the wizard continued to wear his baffled frown. "I am afraid that I do not find any cause for humour here. This poor woman, already troubled by her husband's ceaseless -"

"Never mind that." The woman strangled Strombrigner's utterings.

"Well, this poor woman anyway."

"It's obvious." Sandra smiled, began to speak, then burst out laughing again. Finally, when she had stopped once more, she turned to the woman and said, "You'll just have to move the records downstairs I'm afraid, into the front room or something, where there's some natural illumination. It's the sudden switching on of the light that does it, those two records in particular. Bing Crosby, oh dear!"

She was off again. Dimli nervously fingered his axe, as well he might, Strombrigner stroked his beard, deep in thought, while I couldn't make head nor tail of it.

"Don't you see?" pleaded Sandra, enormous grin on her face. "It's the clearest case I've ever seen." She gestured at the records. "Bings that go thump in the light!"

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GETTING YOU STARTED

CASTLE DRACULA - J. R.

(Throw axe to get rid of headless ghost.)

E, GET LANTER, W, N, GET MATCHES, S, S, S, S, LIGHT LANTERN, S, W,
DROP MATCHES, S, E, S, E, S, GET PLANK, N, N, W, W, S, W, DROP PLANK,
W, GET AXE, W, S, S, GET BOTTLE, N, N, E, E, GET PLANK, E, N, E, E,
E, GET WHISKEY, W, W, W, N, GET MATCHES, W, OFFER WHISKEY, LOOK, W,
DROP MATCHES, GET CAN, E, E, E, S, GET NAILS, OFFER CAN, N, E, W, W,
S, S, GET TIN OPENER, WAVE TIN OPENER, DROP TIN OPENER, CHOP PLANK,
MAKE LADDER.....

BULBO AND THE LIZARD KING (John Wilson) - J. R.

HIRE ARCHER, HIRE ELF, W, N, W, EXAMINE DONKEY, GET ROPE, N, NE, N,
E, NW, READ SIGN, N, SE, EXAMINE DRAGON (donkey will step forward),
SEARCH BACKPACK (Dragon leaves), N, N, W, (You can't go west as the
rats prevent you), S, S, NW (to the boulder), ROLL BOULDER,
(automatically taken back to the hole which is now blocked by the
boulder!), W, N, (to the crow), ASK ELF TO HELP (crow gives a clue),
E, E, READ SIGN, E, SE, (to orcs), HIDE (in bushes - orcs leave), E
(to a wall), LIFT (or THROW) DONKEY (over wall), CLIMB WALL, E (to
donkey), GET ROPE (donkey is with you again!).....

THE GOLDEN ROSE (Central solutions) - J. R.

E, E, E, N, N, U, WAKE DWARF, (he gives you a penny), D, N, N, W,
EXAMINE HEAP, GET STAFF, E, N, W, W, W, W, W, EXAMINE DRESSER, GET
BOTTLE, EMPTY BOTTLE, N, MOVE BATH, EXAMINE HOLE, GET SPECS, WEAR
SPECS, S, E, E, E, E, S, FILL BOTTLE, DRINK WATER, FILL BOTTLE, N, E,
E, S, S, S, S, S, HELP MAN, (the old man runs off and you are
captured), TRIP GUARD, W, DROP STAFF, W, W, W, EXAMINE GREEN

GREEN DOOR (Tartan Software) - J. R.

The word needed to commence this adventure is obtained by going in
the direction indicated by the notice on the tree.

SOUTH	TO A GOBLIN TAPS you on the shoulder
EAST	TO A WIZARD RAPS you on the knuckles
WEST	TO A WOOD NYMPH KNOCKS you about
NORTH	TO AN ELF RINGS your ears

Direction indicated appears to be random for each game!

EXAMINE TREE, READ NOTICE (you will be told which direction to go -
in this case SOUTH), SOUTH (a goblin TAPS you), SHOUT TAPS (the witch
clears away the goblin to the south), SOUTH, (witch is singing), SAY
HELLO (... "where bad folks go" (HELL) say to me "o" Hello!),
(you are turned into a bear), (anykey), TAKE SOAP, WASH HOG
(Hogwash!) E, (following the hog), (given a silver hammer and
directed North), OPEN DOOR, NORTH, EAST, (you dry out), SOUTH,
EXAMINE BULLRUSHES, TAKE ROPE, SWIM DOWN, HIT OYSTER, TAKE PEARL, UP,
EAST, EXAMINE RUBBISH, EXAMINE RUBBISH

HINTS

GNOME RANGER - Graham Wheeler

Part 1. To get the Nymph as a helper - Go to forest, wait, wait, wait, give flower to nymph, nymph, hello (she will now trust you).

Part 2. to make an animate potion put the following ingredients in the pot in this order - Elder Berry, Thistle Flower, Rowan Berry, Mint Leaf. To grow yourself a Helper, get seed from the kitchen, go to garden, plant seed, pour animate potion on greenslave.

Part 3. To get to the iceberg, with the penguin - go to penguin, get egg, go to iceberg, s, the bridge breaks and you are floating on an icefloe. Wait until you are near the penguin, penguin follow me, penguin paddle icefloe east.

HOLLYWOOD HI-JINX - Graham Wheeler

To reach the attic - Fill bucket with water, make your way to the closet, hang bucket on third peg, out, climb stairs, open closet door, in, wait, wait (until the closet moves up), open door, n.

LURKING HORROR - Graham Wheeler

To get bolt cutters from urchin - show hand to urchin - it must be after it is animated. To escape from Pentagram in lab, cut pentagram with knife, leave pentagram, move bench, open trapdoor, down.

WISHBRINGER - Graham Wheeler

To get to Misty Isle, put branch in pit, get branch (you free platypus), dig in sand, get whistle, blow whistle.

SHARD OF INOVAR - Graham Wheeler

To get amulet of fire - Place statue (where?) font (Sunquat appears if the shard is glowing. He will smile - the statue is consumed by fire). Get amulet. To cross swamp - give Ryxblade (who to?) Laryx, S, S, W, Mount Laryx. To escape from pit - Blow knife, mount Laryx.

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Welwyn Garden City,
Herts. ALB 7EH

5.3.88

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